

# WHEN MYRA FORGAVE

By ROSE RAWSON

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The ice was in splendid condition, and carefully avoiding the people she knew in the crowd about the boat landing Myra struck out with long, powerful strokes for up the river.

She was in no mood for company. She wanted to be alone and think things over. It is a serious thing when a girl gives back her first engagement ring and informs the donor that she never wants to see him again. That experience had come to Myra that afternoon.

It had all been ridiculously foolish. Tom had scoffed at her for having joined the Browning club, declaring Browning to be a prize puzzler and not a poet. She had taken offense, and they had had their first quarrel. She



HE WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, AND IN THE DUSK HE PASSED HER.

had given back his ring and he had gone off in dudgeon, leaving her with the afternoon on her hands. They had planned to skate to Riverdale, five miles up the river; have supper there and skate back by moonlight. Now it was all spoiled and she must skate alone.

She was fond of the ice, and the swift motion and the bracing air soon put her in a more pleasant frame of mind. Perhaps she had been hasty in giving back the ring, but then it is not every day that one is elected the president of the literary club, and he might at least have congratulated her upon her victory over Nettie Doran.

She had been so engrossed with her thoughts that it was with surprise that she found she had entered the "cut," more than two miles from the landing. Here the river ran between steep bluffs for three-quarters of a mile, and she shuddered a little as she glanced at the cliffs on either side. She never had noticed it before, but now they seemed so black and forbidding.

She was still glancing up as her skate struck a bit of wood frozen into the ice, and with a cry she sank to the glassy surface. She struggled to her feet, but with another little moan she sank to one knee; she had sprained her left ankle.

Several times she essayed to rise, but each time her ankle hurt her more, and finally she desisted and crept on hands and knees to the bank. Perhaps some of the others would take it into their heads to skate up and they would give her help. If no one came she would try to creep back after she had rested.

But after an hour she gave up hope of help coming. She was so numb she could scarcely move. She began to cry softly. If she could not get to the lower end of the cut, where she might attract attention of some one on shore, she might freeze to death.

With infinite labor she crawled a few feet, but she had to give up and sit down again. Perhaps they might miss her at the landing and remember that she had gone up the river. They would send out a searching party for her. It might be an hour or more before she could hope for help, but the idea brought her some comfort, though it did not check the flow of tears.

Then her quick ear caught the welcome sound of the ring of steel on the hard ice and she tried to struggle to her feet.

Around the bend above Tom Runyon came with powerful strokes. He was looking straight ahead, and in the dusk he passed her. Before she could gain the courage to call to him he stopped suddenly and turned. In a flash he was at her side, kneeling before her.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Are you hurt?"

"I've sprained my ankle," she sobbed, "and I'm tired and cold and hungry, and it hurts an awful lot. I'm so miserable."

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Hours," she moaned. "It seems like days, and it's so black and lonesome."

"Poor little girl!" he said tenderly. "I'll soon have you out of it. I'll skate down to the landing and borrow a sled."

She grasped his coat in terror. "Don't

leave me!" she pleaded. "I think I would go crazy!"

"It would take only ten minutes or so," he argued, but she kept a convulsive hold upon his coat. Presently an idea struck him.

"Can you stand on your other foot?" he asked. "Will it bear your weight?"

For answer she put out her hands, and he helped her to rise. She winced as the lame foot struck the ice, but she smiled bravely.

"I think I can," she said.

Tom dropped on one knee and started to unfasten the skate on the injured foot. The ankle was so swollen that he had to cut the strap through, but presently he rose and grasped her hands.

"Now keep the foot up," he commanded, "and let me tow you."

It was a little awkward at first. They skated together nicely, but now she could not take a stroke, merely sliding along upon the single runner and leaning heavily against him for support. Under his coaching she soon caught the idea, and presently they were swinging along at a good pace.

The injured foot ached with the motion and weight of the boot, but it was comforting to feel Tom's strong hand clasp and to lean against his shoulder as they sped along.

Somehow she had never realized what a strong man he was until she felt herself being carried along almost without an effort. It was less than ten minutes before they came in sight of the town as they turned the last curve.

"Looks kind of good, doesn't it?" he laughed as she gave a cry of delight.

"I thought I never should see it again," she confessed. "I had almost given up hope."

"Lucky thing I had to go to Riverdale," he commented. "I had given up the idea, but Johnson took me up in his rig to look at a horse he wants to sell me, and I took my skates along."

"I'm glad it was you," she murmured.

"Are you?" he asked in surprise. "I thought you would have had almost any one else rescue you."

"I did feel that way for a moment," she confessed, "when I first saw it was you. I wonder why you turned around."

"Something seemed to stop me," he explained. "It was a funny sort of feeling. I just seemed to see you behind me, and I had to turn around to make certain. It seemed almost as if a great hand made me stop."

"I think it was fate," she said softly.

"Maybe I sort of half saw you and was not conscious of it until I had passed you," he suggested.

"I would rather believe it was fate," she persisted.

"So would I," he said soberly. "Here's the landing."

The crowd had left the ice and had gone home to supper. There were no sleds around, so he slipped off his skates and caught her up in his arms.

"It's only a couple of blocks," he said. "We'll get home more quickly this way."

She did not make any comment until he had carried her into the house and had bestowed her comfortably upon the sofa. As he turned to go she spoke his name softly. He turned back.

"Will you be over after tea?" she asked.

"Surely," he answered. "I shall want to know how you are getting along."

"Will you bring the ring," she whispered.

"I have it right here!" he cried out eagerly.

For answer she stretched out her hand, and he slipped it on.

"This makes me think of the only Browning I know," he laughed. "Remember:

"There's a time in the lives of most women and men  
When all would go smooth and even  
If only the dead knew when  
To come back and be forgiven."

"I forgave you long before that," she whispered. "I care more for you than I do for Browning."

Appeasing Conscience.

"In my morning walks," remarked a Brooklyn clergyman in referring to his vacation, "I had as a companion an elderly gentleman, whose acquaintance I prized highly. After a cross country ramble of five miles one hot afternoon we stopped at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. I drained my glass, and how refreshing it was! But the old gentleman drank lightly and set his glass down with a goodly portion of the rich milk untouched.

"Very fine drink," he said as we resumed our jaunt.

"Then why didn't you drink all of it?" I asked.

"That's the way I make my contribution to the conscience fund," he explained seriously. "When I was a boy I worked on a farm and was taught always, after rinsing, to leave a little water in the milk cans."—New York Times.

Men With Women's Voices.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from ten to fourteen thousand feet, the men have voices like women and the women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone. The Australian native has a weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African bushmen also possess weak voices. Of all human beings it would seem that the dwarf race discovered by Stanley in central Africa have, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices, and this is only what one would expect from the feebleness of their physique generally.

## COLONIAL COTTAGE.

Designed Especially For Suburban Demands—Cost \$2,000.

(Copyright, 1906, by Stanley A. Dennis, 234 Broadway, New York.)

The modern house herewith presented was designed to cost \$2,000 and has been erected many times for this amount in various locations. It has all the conveniences known to the builder, including electric bells and wiring for electric lights.

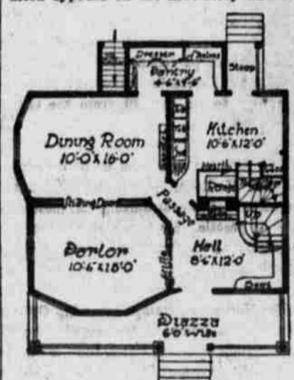
There is a brick walled cellar under the entire house, with cemented floor, coal bins, cold storeroom and a hot air furnace. The frame is of spruce and hemlock. The walls are sheathed, papered and sided. The main roof is shingled. The exterior ornamental work is of composition. The windows,



FRONT ELEVATION.

except those of the cellar, are fitted with outside blinds and patent blind hinges and openers. The exterior is covered with two coats of white lead and linseed oil paints. The colors are pea green for the body, ivory white for the trimming, terra cotta for the blinds and bronze green for the sashes. The second story is plastered with cement on metal lath.

The floors are laid with comb grained North Carolina pine, tongued and grooved. The interior walls are covered with two coats of hard patent plaster, sand finished. The trim is of kiln dried cypress on the first story and of

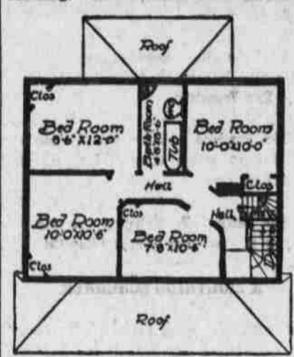


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

whitewood on the second floor, finished in the natural wood. The stairs are of oak, except the attic stairs, which are boxed and built of yellow pine. The mantels in the room are of oak, with bevel plated mirrors and solid tile facings. The hall mantel is of molded brick.

The hardware is of plain dark bronze, with oak knobs, roses and escutcheons. The kitchen and pantry closets contain shelves to suit, with closets, drawers, etc.

The pantry is fitted with dresser and shelving. The bathroom and kitchen



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

have modern open sanitary plumbing and fixtures. The hall is provided with a handsome large seat. The grills are of quartered oak with paneled pedestals and turned columns with fancy molded caps.

This makes a cozy little house for one with moderate means, and any one thinking of or planning to build a small home will do well to consider these plans.

Casement Windows.

The casement window is worthy of more general adoption here, especially for country houses. Many advantages may be claimed for it over the usual narrow pulley weight window—for instance, the larger amount of light and air admitted, the greater ease in cleaning and painting and also the improvement in the room made by framing the outside world into living pictures for its walls. When the windows are large they give to the room the character of an inclosed veranda or sun parlor.—Country Life in America.

Modern Love.

Anxious Father—But do you feel sure that you can make my daughter happy? Calm Youth—I haven't thought about that. But I have finally decided that she can make me happy.—Somerville Journal.



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**Glass Door Knobs.**  
In houses in which the white painted woodwork of colonial times is carried out there is nothing prettier than the glass knobs. The pressed glass knobs are comparatively inexpensive, but the cut glass, in finer quality, is executed at a greater expense. In bedrooms and bathroom the glass knob is a favorite for its crisp, cleanly style, and its design may be of the simplest and yet achieve the best results.—Delineator.

Setting Mother Right.

"I'm sure, Ethel," said the girl's mother sternly, "that I saw him kissing you last evening."

"Nonsense, mother! He's entirely too bashful!"

"Don't contradict me, child! I saw the performance with my own—"

"Pardon me, mother. You merely saw me kissing him."—Detroit Free Press.

## Blood Showers in Olden Times.

In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome" mention is made of fourteen different showers of blood or blood and other substances mixed, which occurred between the years 819 A. D. and 1170. In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust which covered the larger part of Italy. In 1226 a "snow" fell in Syria "which presently turned into large brooks and pools of blood." A monk who wrote in the year 1251 and whose manuscript is now preserved in the British museum, tells of a three days' shower of blood "all over southern Europe." Burgundy had a blood shower in 1361, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed a similar phenomenon in the year 1450. In 1686 hallstones fell in Wurttemberg which contained cavities filled with blood or blood red liquid. The last "blood shower" on record occurred in Siam in the year 1802.

## Social Dictionary.

"Society" is now a combination of men and women who overdress themselves at the expense of their tradesmen that they may oversat themselves at the expense of their friends.—Life.

## Baseball Players and Foot Racers!

Louis J. Kruger, ex-champion long distance foot racer of Germany and Holland, writes, October 27, 1901:

"During my training of 8 weeks for the foot races at Salt Lake City, in April last, I used Ballard's Snow Liniment to my greatest satisfaction.

"Therefore, I highly recommend Snow Liniment to all who are troubled with sprains, bruises, or rheumatism." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Hart's drug store.

## The Difference between Commissioner Garfield and the Investigated Corporation Officials is that the public believes Garfield.

## Croup.

Is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the wind pipe, which sometimes extends to the larynx and bronchial tubes; and is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It almost always comes on in the night. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally to the throat. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Hart's drug store.

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